

JOCELYN'S DEAD HORSE

Sue E. Siebert*

With chains tight
at your pasterns, they haul you
out to the far corner of the pasture
where, two days ago, you grazed
by the side of a sturdy chestnut mare.

The girl you carried safely
over oxers and stone walls, sits
in second period algebra, as three men
tumble you—pale nose tucked to cold
belly—into a hurried grave.

Instincts—swift gray marble legs—were useless
last night, as colic twisted apart your gut.
Even the vet, who came with a pick-up-full
of modern equipment, couldn't save you when
your lips and tongue turned white.

Honest shoulders—well sprung ribs—longbow arc of neck—
are covered up with shovel-fulls of dirt
which, years from now, will settle
into a shallow silent monument
known only to grazing horses.

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